

so Babsie started taking jugs of vodka  
to motels for lost weekends the motel  
manager banging on the door on Monday the  
paramedics coming until Babsie's pancreas  
was the size of Africa and then when  
Bart's kids got grown they told  
everyone how he'd raped them for years  
even the boys.

#### TOUGHER THAN CORNED BEEF HASH

The only things my mother ever trusted  
me to iron were the pillow cases she'd  
made from that tough cotton airplane  
covering she got when she worked  
at Hughes Aircraft, so tough the  
iron burn marks washed right out,  
so tough I took them with me when  
I married but stopped ironing them  
because I had babies right away and  
no time for a wrinkle-free life,  
so tough years later after my divorce  
not a hole one, and still crisp as  
parchment but now with a yellow patina  
that matched the amber wishfulness  
of the Hippie Era.

Today I looked all over for them,  
looked behind the old super-8 home movies  
beneath the broken electric blankets  
the 1978 calendar, the 1983 newspaper  
of the day Gloria Swanson died  
and couldn't find them,  
those tough old pillow cases gone  
without a hole one —  
lost during the 90s' Save The Earth Era  
just when I need them the most.

#### TASTE BUDS

My friend Kay and I loved our dogs,  
hers a dachshund, mine a Dobie,  
so much that we wanted them to  
grow as healthy and happy as our  
children so we began to make  
homemade dog food of chopped  
beef heart and kidney, chicken  
gizzards, fish stock made from  
trout heads and tails, garlic  
(rumored to ward off fleas),  
eggs (an emulsifier),



carrots (for good eyesight),  
cod liver oil (for a shiny coat)  
and kibble we mixed into a  
surfboard-size meatloaf and baked,  
it making the oven and house  
smell awful for days but it  
was worth it because our dogs  
loved it and loved us all the more  
when we fed them the malodorous  
and healthy homemade dog food

and then one day my philandering  
hippie husband came home after  
3 days and nights at a love-in  
bleary-eyed with a bad case  
of the munchies and ate  
a big plateful of it.

My god, he said, that meatloaf  
in the refrigerator tastes  
just like dog food.

#### THE VOLKSWAGENS

The first one, the red one, my second  
husband bought us because he liked to  
make jokes about wearing it but soon  
he wanted more room and traded it  
for a big white '65 Chevie,

the blue one he paid down on for me  
after he left me so I could find  
a job and when it blew up just past  
the Grapevine en route to Bakersfield  
I called the bank to repossess it,

and the green one my mother bought me  
after my father died so I could  
find a job and when I married my  
3rd husband he drove it until he  
wrecked it, screwing up the alignment

so bad it shimmied going over  
40 so he exchanged it for a  
beige, stolen Volks keeping the green Volks'  
license plate. It was all so clever  
until he was hit head-on one night

by a pick-up truck and the cops found  
out the beige Volks was stolen and they  
confiscated it so he traded